

## To Find Rest in Each Other's Arms

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Summary: They can't seem to find a comfortable way to fit, no matter how they position themselves. Amidst adjusting once more, Emma ends up kneeling him in the groin and Killian falls flat to his back as he groans. "Oh!" ...And then she's laughing " she's laughing at the situation because it's... it's awkward but it's pretty damn perfect too. Sharing a bed together trope. Post 5x17 fic.

## To Find Rest in Each Other's Arms

**\*\*AN: \*\*\*\***For Katie (tillthebooksrunout on tumblr), who has so graciously included me in her Follow Forever. I woke up this morning to see I was tagged on your list and it immediately inspired this story, I cranked it out in 30 minutes and if I didn't have class I'd have posted it right away. Seriously, I've never written so quickly. This idea came out of nowhere but did come to me the moment I saw my name on your list. I was so incredibly inspired so, I'm dedicating this to you!**\*\***

**\*\***It's an honor to be included and to know I'm one of your faves. Besides wanting to make myself feel better, a primary reason I write fic is to make other people such as yourself happy and your list was validation of that. I can't thank you enough. So, one last time, thank you and congratulations on your milestone!**\*\***

**\*\***This is set after the last episode, 5x17, in which Captain Swan find a moment alone to catch a breather.**\*\***

**\*\***Hope you like it!**\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>It's awkward.<p>

Large, the bed may be, but neither of them are used to it.

(A ship being no place for a king-sized mattress and Emma, having grown up in bunks that barely fit her body once she was a teenager during her earlier years then living alone for most of her adult life, never needing anything bigger than a queen.)

After divesting themselves of their jackets and beanies and boots and gloves, they gravitate towards each other but even with miles of space all around them, somehow, they knock into each other still.

Emma's long locks in his face, Killian's knees bumping into her legs, her elbow at his ribcage and his stump pushing into her shoulder.

"Maybeâ€"

"I couldâ€"

They can't seem to find a comfortable way to fit, no matter how they position themselves. Amidst adjusting once more, Emma ends up kneeling him in the groin and Killian falls flat to his back as he groans.

"Oh!"

Killian's hand is down there to ease the ache and instinctually, (despite never reaching that level, never having the time), Emma's hand makes it there as well. But when her hand touches his over, well, him, she realizes what she's doing and snatches her offending limb right back.

"\_Oh\_."

And then she's laughing â€" she's laughing at the situation because it's... it's awkward but it's pretty damn perfect too.

"Bad form to laugh at a man in pain, Swan. Especially if it concerns his manhood."

Though his words seem harsh, his tone is light and she turns her head from where she's been chuckling at the ceiling to him, where she sees the smile trying to worm its way through his grimace.

She grins, a crooked, teasing thing. "I'm sorry."

"You know, I don't think you are." He boops her on the nose playfully. "It's a good thing I love you and we're on land then, otherwise, it'd be the plank for you were we out on the Jolly Roger."

She rolls her eyes and bites back sarcastically, "Oh okay, sure. Whatever you say, Captain." Then she mutters under her breath, "Men are such babies."

His jaw drops open and indignantly, he cries, "I heard that!"

She turns on her side, one hand under the pillow at her head while the other pats him condescendingly at the cheek. "You were supposed to, babe."

Before she can pull away, he captures her hand in his, turning his body towards her and mirroring her position as well, with his stump underneath his pillow and their fingers entwined between them.

She glances at their hands with a smile. "Would you look at that? I think this is \_it\_."

"Aye, this works quite well. Though I must admit," he licks his lips before a sheepish expression overcomes his features, "I'd rather be wrapped up in you."

Her face softens and she squeezes his hand. "I know. Me too," she says earnestly and she's surprised by how much she means it. Emma has always balked at the idea of sharing her bed with another man but as time has continually proven, Killian is different.

Killian is... he's just \_more\_ in a way that everything else, besides Henry, has been lacking in her life.

"But we'll figure this out. \_Together\_."

"Why, Swan. Am I to expect more nights in your bed then?" He waggles his eyebrows but she sees the hope shining through his eyes.

\_When we get out of this hell hole\_, she thinks, \_expect days \_and\_ nights in my bed forever\_.

She doesn't say that though, the reminder of where they are â€" a twisted, Underworld version of their home and not their \_actual\_ home â€" effectively putting a damper to her light mood.

Instead, she kisses him, letting go of his hand in favor of tangling her fingers in his messy locks.

He responds in kind, hand finding its way to her hip, squeezing reassuringly, as if he senses that she needs this because he heard the direction of her thoughts.

(He \_always\_ hears her.)

"Mmm," he hums, chasing her lips once she pulls away. "What was that for?"

"Not what, \_who\_," she sighs, nuzzling her nose into his cheek and breathing him in. "And it's you," she whispers, "just you."

It's two words, \_just you\_, but she says so much, things like, \_thank you for being you\_, \_thank you for never doubting me\_, \_you're worth it, you're \_so\_ worth it\_, \_you're enough, we have a future, god, can you believe it? \_and\_ I feel like we're forever. Always forever.\_

And it's not that she's afraid of the words but it doesn't seem enough or even remotely adequate to express the depth that she feels in her heart for this man who had gone to hell (for her) and back (now \_with\_ her).

So she says the three words that come close.

"I love you."

His eyes close and his smile, oh his smile, brighter than anything she's ever seen as he seems to let her words wash over him.

"Every time you tell me those words, every \_time\_," he sighs happily as he winds tendrils of her hair around his fingers, "it feels like you're saying it to me for the first time."

He gives her another kiss, one that is fleeting but tender as he nips softly at her lips in content and delight. "I shall never tire of hearing you say them, Swan. I shall never tire of \_you\_."

But at the mention of the word \_tire\_, she becomes aware of the skin deep exhaustion she's been fighting but could never overcome ever since she became the Dark One, an ache that seeped into her bones when he had died and they journeyed to the Underworld. It becomes more prominent now that they are lying on a place of comfort and expresses itself in the way her eyes have suddenly become heavy and she lets out a jaw-cracking yawn.

Killian, amused, asks her, "Are you still of the mind to wait till we leave this awful realm before claiming some sleep?"

She thinks of saying yes, just to be contrary, but she knows he'll see right through her so instead she tells him, accusingly, "It's not my fault your voice is so soothing." But the bite of her words is lost amidst another yawn.

He chuckles. "Perhaps, once we've escaped from here, to \_our true home\_ and we're in \_our proper bed\_, I'll tell you a tale."

She scoots a tad closer to him, their noses almost touching. "Full of good things, I hope?" she whispers, eyes half-lidded.

He nods fervently. "Of course, Swan." He smirks. "It's a riveting chronicle about a princess and a pirate, see, and how this princess brought the rogue but devastatingly good-looking pirate back to the honorable man he once was using only the magic of her good and kind heart. It's a story of how they fell in love and how that love transcended both time and realms. A hero's journey of adventure, bravery and hope." His smirk widens to a mischievous grin. "And it all started with a knife to a throat and a beanstalk."

She bites her lip to keep from laughing, her idiot, adorable, wonderful, \_pirate\_.

"And does it have a happy ending?" She murmurs.

His nod is solemn then, and his tone fierce when he replies, "The happiest."

At that, she closes her eyes, a peace washing over her because of the way truth rings from his words about the two of them.

Because knowing that they're both here, both willing to \_fight\_ for their happy ending, they've all ready won half the battle.

"But that's for another time." He whispers before kissing her forehead. "For now, sleep, my love. I'll still be here when you

wake."

Then he rests his forehead atop hers. "I love you, Emma."

Rest comes easy after that.

They fall asleep with their foreheads pressed together, his hand having found its way back to the curve of her waist while hers to his chest and their breaths ghosting across their lips â€" the only parts of them touching.

But when what passes as morning light slowly filters into their room, it finds them curled into each other, Emma's back against Killian's chest, their legs tangled together and their hands entwined against her stomach. The weakened rays wrap around the couple, like it can't help but be drawn to them.

Whatever awkwardness had ensued from sleeping together for the first time seems to have evaporated and, well.

All the better that it's natural, how they've fallen right into each other.

End  
file.